

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER III.—MORE MYSTERIES—A STRANGE JOURNEY IN THE DARK.

I HAVE often had occasion to notice that persons who seem naturally apprehensive and timid when danger is in the distance, suddenly recover spirit and courage when that same danger becomes certain and immediate. It was so with my mother.

During the absence of her husband, and while she only feared that evil would befall him, she had trembled at every shadow or unaccustomed sound; but now that she read in the half-concealed countenance of her midnight visitor, and in his precautions against discovery, that evil had happened, her mind seemed braced for endurance, her thoughts were collected, and her voice was calm and composed.

"Tell me all, Edward Finn," she said, after a

minute or two of silence, which had been employed by us all—the visitor, my mother, myself and Peggy Crosskeys—in watching each other by the dull blaze of the kitchen fire. I should explain that the messenger (whatever might be his message) was well known to us as one of the sea-faring men who sometimes called to see my father.

"I wish it had been anybody else's luck to tell you anything about it, Mrs. Blake," said Finn, with evident feelings of sympathy and rough kindness; "it's a bad job; and that's all about it," he added.

"You are come to tell me of my husband's death," said my poor mother, with the slightest possible tremor of voice. "Speak it out, Mr. Finn: I can—"

"No, no, it isn't so bad as that either," replied the sailor eagerly, and may be it isn't so bad as the doctor says; but"—and here he stepped forward and whispered a word or two in my mother's ear.

Whatever the secret was, it seemed to be understood by Peggy that she was not to be a party to it; for she retired in a huff, and we heard her shutting herself in her own room.

"You can tell me now, Finn: there is no one to hear but David."

It did not take long to tell, and that little was told in so low a tone, that I could not catch some of the words. I gathered only that the trip, whatever that might mean, had been an unfortunate one; that there had been much fighting somewhere on the coast; that "the captain" and others had been severely wounded; and that the captain—by which term I understood my father to be meant—had escaped, and was in hiding, and that he had sent for his wife and son, to—

My mother stopped the messenger at this point of his disjointed narrative. "We will be ready to go with you in ten minutes," she said quietly. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

"No, Missus, thank'ee, no; grub would choke me now. You go and get ready, and I'll keep watch here."

My mother went, and I with her. In less than ten minutes we were prepared for the journey, wrapped up in warm shawls and cloaks, for it was a bitter cold night, as well as dark and stormy.

"You will drink before starting," said my mother, in the same unnaturally composed tone (I have thought since, how like to despair it was) which had marked the entire conference with the messenger of evil; and as she spoke, she placed a bottle of spirits and a glass on the table. Ned stretched out his hand to seize the bottle, but drew back, as if by a great effort to overcome his desire, and said, "No, no, missus, I should like a nip"—and he looked wistfully at the bottle—"but I must keep all my wits about me to-night."

My mother understood him, perhaps, though I did not; at any rate, she did not repeat the invitation, but signified that she was ready. In another minute we were seated in a light cart, and were on our mournful journey.

Our driver had to feel his way, for neither moon nor stars were to be seen. I have experienced many dark nights since then, but none, I think, darker than this was. Finn knew the road he had to

travel, however, and so did the horse, which I afterwards discovered was my father's.

We passed over the ground rapidly, for a mile or two of high-road, and then I was conscious of a change in our route, for we proceeded with greater caution, and the road, if it were a road at all, was so rough and uneven that we were jolted about in the cart, to the great hazard of being jerked out of it.

In all this time, neither the driver nor my mother had spoken. He had enough to do in "steering his craft," as he would have said, and she was occupied with her own sad thoughts. I knew that they were sad, for I heard her sobs, and I felt her drawing me close to her side convulsively.

We were two hours, perhaps more, on this dark and dismal journey. Sometimes I was aware of the wheels of our conveyance sinking deeply into the muddy road, and requiring all the strength of our horse for their extrication. Sometimes Finn dismounted, and, splashing through the swampy ground, led the patient and faithful animal, encouraging it by a few words, spoken almost under breath. Sometimes he stopped and listened, as the distant barking of watch-dogs was heard, when we were probably in the vicinity of some lone farm-house. Then we appeared to emerge on plainer, harder ground; and my eyes were so far accustomed to the oppressive gloom, that I could judge we were passing over some trackless down, for I could distinguish no hedgerows near, and I could also hear the sound of sheep-bells no great distance off. Over these downs, if downs they were, we progressed rapidly, till I was conscious of a sudden plunge down a steep declivity; then a deeper darkness than before fell upon us, and a piercing, penetrating, close, damp, unwholesome atmosphere chilled my blood. We were in a thick wood: I knew this instinctively, though not the faintest outline of a leafless tree could be discerned. Here again our driver descended from his seat, and carefully led the horse, under whose feet the dry sore scattered branches and twigs snapped and crackled at every step.

Presently I heard the sound of rippling water, and was conscious of travelling some distance along the bed of a stream or brook, for there was a splash, splash, with every step taken by our faithful horse.

In all this anxious journey, we had heard no voice or echo, or footstep or sound, save the occasional barking of dogs or tinkling of sheep-bells, and the timorous starting of birds from their perches in the trees above our heads, or of hares from their forms beneath our feet. The silence and stillness were oppressive and fearful, but there was no attempt made to break them. At length, however, our guide and driver spoke. We had apparently come to a more open space, and I could see, very faintly indeed, the outlines of buildings close at hand. Here we halted, and at a succession of low notes very near us—so much like the cooing of a dove, that I unconsciously started, but which I afterwards knew proceeded from Finn—a dim light made its appearance. It was a lantern, carried by a farmer's man, who had, at the signal, suddenly emerged from one of the buildings.

"We must get down here, lady," said Edward Finn to my mother.

"My husband! where is he?"

"Not far off now, ma'am," was the reply; "but wheels won't take us any farther. I hope you feel able to walk," he added tenderly.

"Oh yes, yes; but little David here——"

"All right, ma'am; I can carry him: 'tis a light weight, I reckon."

There was not much more said. I felt myself lifted from the cart, and then hoisted on Mr. Finn's shoulder, and in a few moments we were pursuing our night journey on foot, leaving the horse and vehicle in charge of the countryman.

It was still as dark as ever; but my bearer, who took the lead, closely followed by my poor mother, evidently knew where he was, and whither he was going. Very soon he left the cart track, and struck across what I believed to be open fields, for the air blew fresh upon us, and we had to surmount more than one stile in our progress. Presently we plunged again into a wood, or more properly, perhaps, a shaw; for I felt the light branches striking against my face and breast, and was warned by the friendly guide to hold fast and bend low over his head. Then again we were free from these obstructions, and were descending what seemed a steep and broken pathway, my mother being carefully warned to hold on to our protector by a strong leathern belt which was buckled round his waist, and to follow precisely in his track. Here, for the first time, in this gloomy journey, I plainly heard the hollow moaning of the sea, and fancied that I could also distinguish the sound of waves beating on a pebbly beach. I know now, though I did not suspect it then, neither did my mother, that we were traversing a track from which a very slight divergence would have been instant death, so close were we to a fearful precipice. But Edward Finn had no fear: his eyes were trained to be of use to him in the darkest nights, so that he could actually see what to us was entirely invisible; and his feet were accustomed to tread fearlessly and securely, paths which to others would have been either utterly inaccessible or superlatively hazardous. To explain and account for this, it is sufficient to say that he was a practised smuggler.

How much farther our wanderings extended, as respects either time or space, I had no means of judging, for gradually fatigue overpowered me, and I sank into sleep. Once or twice I was partially aroused by almost losing my balance; and, finding this to be the case, my bearer halted, and, shifting me from my elevated position, he carried me the remainder of the way in his arms.

When I awoke—but the scene presented to my wondering senses demands a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HIDE.

It might be a natural cave, or it might be the vaults of certain old ruins near the coast of which I am writing, but which, I cannot even now say.

I know only that I woke, and found myself lying on some littered straw on the ground, with my head in my mother's lap. The cave, as for convenience I may call it, was so indifferently lighted that I could discover neither its length, breadth, nor height; several candles were burning, nevertheless, and at some distance in the interior of the cavern, as I

supposed it to be, was a dull red fire. These discoveries, however, such as they were, did not occupy me long, for I heard a faint moaning by my side, and on turning my face in that direction, I saw my father.

He was stretched on a bed of straw, neatly covered over with blankets and a sheet. His head was bound up with handkerchiefs, but not so effectually as to hide the cause of the bandage, and his countenance was very ghastly.

On the other side of my wounded and perhaps dying father was our acquaintance Mr. Whistlecraft, the doctor. He had been examining and dressing his wounds; and now he was speaking earnestly, though in low tones, to my mother. My father was evidently unable to speak. It appeared to me then, that he was scarcely sensible of what was passing around him.

I did not hear all that passed between the doctor and my mother, but I knew that it referred to my father's dangerous condition. He had received a terrible gash on his forehead; but this was a light matter, compared with a gunshot wound which, it was feared, had penetrated to his lungs, and from which Mr. Whistlecraft predicted the worst.

My poor mother heard this without any loud outburst of grief. I heard her faintly whisper, "I knew it would be so; I always said it would come to this;" and then she leaned over her husband, and kissed his lips again and again.

For a full hour she sat thus by his side, watching his countenance quietly. Meanwhile, I was sufficiently roused to look around me. My father was not the only sufferer. Near to him, on similar beds of straw, were three other men, whose groans, mingled with occasional curses, sufficiently proclaimed in what work they had been recently engaged; and I watched the doctor as he passed from couch to couch, silently administering medicines and examining wounds. More terrible still, I saw at a little distance, stretched on the floor of the cave, what was evidently a corpse, covered over with a thin ragged quilt.

Others besides the doctor were in attendance on the wounded. Several rough-looking men flitted to and fro in the semi-darkness, and others were seated by the dull fire which I had at first noticed. They were smoking, and probably drinking also; but if any words passed between them, they were spoken in whispers.

Whatever impression this scene made upon my mind at the time, my thoughts were recalled by the following conversation between Mr. Whistlecraft and my mother.

"Move him, my dear madam! you do not know what you are saying: it is impossible; it would be more than his life is worth to attempt it."

"He was brought here, doctor, after he was wounded," said my mother.

"A fortunate thing, Mrs. Blake, that he was able to bear that," replied Mr. Whistlecraft.

"But if he could bear moving once, sir, he might be moved again."

"It is not to be thought of," said the doctor hastily; "there is no telling what the consequences might be."

"Think what a place this is for my poor husband to be lying in," said my mother, with a shudder, as she looked around her.

"There might be a worse place than this," whispered Mr. Whistlecraft.

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"Mean! I need not tell you what I mean, surely. Do you know what has happened, Mrs. Blake?"

"I can guess at it, doctor."

"No, you can't, or you don't," said he, shortly; and then he added, "Not that I know anything about it either—not a bit of it: *I!* I am only here professionally, you know. I know nothing."

"Doctor!"

"I can't help hearing and seeing, you know; and the story goes that there has been a fight between a party of freetraders and a party of the coastguard, and that the freetraders got the worst of it, and lost their goods while they were being landed, and that some blood was lost as well, on both sides."

"I know all that," said my mother, sadly.

"Do you?" said Mr. Whistlecraft; "that's more than I can say. All I know is, that I have heard of it; it may be true or not: I have nothing to do with it."

"How came you here, Mr. Whistlecraft?" asked my mother.

"Oh, that is easily explained. I was called out of my bed in the middle of the night—the night before last, and hurried off with a guide, and—"

"There, that will do, brother," groaned my poor father, who had, like myself, listened to the confabulation: his voice was hoarse and weak and hollow; "you are all right, you know; but just tell Charlotte—no, I'll tell her myself; poor Charlotte!" He attempted to raise his hand to his face, to brush away a tear, perhaps, which moistened and dimmed his eyes; but it fell powerless by his side. My mother was watching him, and her hand gently performed the office. Her own eyes were now full to overflowing; but this was almost the only sign she exhibited of the dreadful agony of her heart.

"Thanks, my brave one; and I knew you would be brave if ever it came to this push," murmured the wounded man; "and if I tell you the worst now, it is because I know you better than Whistlecraft does—don't I, Charlotte?"

My mother moved her lips, but she could not speak: she was near giving way then.

"We are ruined, Charlotte; ruined stock and fluke,"* groaned my father; "but the cutter's safe—eh, Whistlecraft?"

"So they tell me, captain," said the doctor, rather unwillingly; "but you know, Mr. Blake—"

"Yes, yes, I know—I know that you do not know, eh? Don't know who the owners are either?"

My father spoke with great difficulty; and the doctor interposed, "You'll hurt yourself, sir; pray be silent."

"I have not much to say, Whistlecraft; and it will soon be said. Charlotte, my brave wife"—he

seemed to like to give my mother this title—"I must not go with you; it would not hurt me, as you say; at least, it might not; but my neck is in a noose, my girl, with a running knot, too; and as sure as I leave this hide to go home—" he stopped short here, and a dark sad shade came over his countenance; but it presently cleared, and he spoke again, more cheerfully.

"There is no use in snivelling about it; if I had listened to you, Charlotte: but I didn't: and there's no home for me where—"

My mother gave way at last. She sank under the blow, and, throwing herself by her husband, she twined her arms round his neck and wept long and bitterly.

"It will do her good, poor wench," said my father; "let her alone, doctor; she will come to all the sooner. 'Tis a bad business, from first to last," he added; "but it is done, and there is no undoing it."

After a while my mother recovered her former firmness. "If you cannot return with me, I will stay here with you," she said.

My father shook his head. "It would be folly," he said mournfully; "it was folly in me to send for you; but I could not rest easy without seeing you once more; and Davy too: come here, Davy, and kiss me, my poor boy."

I did as he bade me. I believe I cried heartily as I knelt by my father's side; but I was too young to understand the full meaning of all I saw and heard.

My father spoke a few words to me, but I lost their import: I only remembered afterwards that he told me to be a good lad, and take care of my mother as I grew older. Then he whispered something to my mother.

"Oh, David, David—husband; I cannot leave you so!" she exclaimed, in an outbreak of grief.

"You must, my girl," said he, in a choking voice. "Be brave, Charlotte; I shall be well cared for, as long as I need caring for."

"Nobody can care for you as I can; oh David, David: husband—my husband—mine!"

"There are others to be thought of, Charlotte. It will bring worse upon us than you know of, if you are missed. There has been treachery already, somewhere; and if it should be known that you have taken this night journey—"

"It is known, David: Peggy knows it; and if there has been treachery—"

"It is not Peggy: I won't believe it of her: besides, what has she known?" said my father.

Hitherto we had been uninterrupted by any of the men around. On the contrary, they had deliberately kept aloof from my father's straw couch. Even Mr. Whistlecraft had withdrawn some time before: apparently he had left the cave also, and was probably on his way homewards, with or without a guide. At this moment, however, our guide drew near.

"Time's up, captain," said he, in a low tone.

My mother clung closer to her wounded, helpless husband.

"For my sake," I heard him whisper.

* Stock and fluke are the principal parts of an anchor, and when they give way, the ship drives and is wrecked; hence the idea.

We were on our way home. The waning moon had risen, but it was veiled with clouds, and the early morning was but a shade or two less intensely dark than the night just past. I shall spare the reader the description of our second journey; indeed, I could not describe it if I would, for, in spite of grief and fear, I fell asleep by my mother's side, and did not awake until the cart was driven into our stable yard.

No one came to welcome our return. My mother entered the house and called our old servant; but her voice was unheeded. Peggy Croskeys was gone.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

MR. BANCROFT, in his "History of the American Revolution," gives the following vivid description of the memorable scene when Franklin was browbeaten and insulted by Wedderburne and the Lords of the Privy Council. There are few Englishmen now-a-days who will not read Mr. Bancroft's indignant comments with the same feelings as the keenest American republican. On the 27th of January, 1773, the news arrived in London of the people of Boston having thrown the tea overboard, and the public rage against the rebels was at its height.

"In this state of public feeling, Franklin, on the 29th, assisted by Dunning and John Lee, came before the Privy Council, to advocate the removal of Hutchinson and Oliver, in whose behalf appeared Israel Mauduit, the old adviser of the stamp tax, and Wedderburne, the solicitor-general. It was a day of great expectation. Thirty-five lords of the council were present—a larger number than had ever attended a hearing; and the room was filled with a crowded audience, among whom were Priestly and Edmund Burke.

The question, as presented by Dunning, was already decided in favour of the petitioners; it was the universal opinion that Hutchinson ought to be superseded. Wedderburne changed the issue, as if Franklin were on trial; and in a speech, which was a continued tissue of falsehood and ribaldry, turned his invectives against the petitioners and their messenger. Of all men, Franklin was the most important in any attempt at conciliation. He was the agent of the two great colonies of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, and also of New Jersey and Georgia; was the friend of Edmund Burke, who was agent for New York. All the troubles in British colonial policy had grown out of the neglect of his advice, and there was no one who could have me-

diated like him between the metropolis and the Americans. He was now thrice venerable, from genius, fame in the world of science, and age, being already nearly three-score years and ten. This man, Wedderburne, turning from the real question, employed all his cunning powers of distortion and misrepresentation to abuse. With an absurdity of application which the lords of the Privy Council were too much prejudiced to observe, he drew a parallel between Boston and Capri, Hutchinson and Sejanus, the humble petition of the Massachusetts assembly, and a verbose and grand epistle of the Emperor Tiberius. Franklin, whose character was most benign, and who, from obvious motives of mercy, had assumed the sole responsibility respecting the letters, he described as a person of the most deliberate malevolence, realizing in life what poetic fiction only had penned for the breast of a bloody African. The speech of Hutchinson challenging a discussion of the supremacy of Parliament, had been not only condemned by public opinion in England, but disapproved by the secretary of state; Wedderburne pronounced it 'a masterly one,' which had 'stunned the faction.' Franklin for twenty years had exerted his wonderful powers as the great conciliator, had never once employed the American press to alarm the American people, but had sought to prevent the parliamentary taxation of America, by private and successful remonstrance during the time of the Pelhams; by seasonable remonstrance with Grenville against the Stamp Act; by honest and true answers to the inquiries of the House of Commons; by the best of advice to Shelburne. When sycophants sought by flattery to mislead the Minister for America, he had given correct information and safe counsel to the ministry of Grafton, and repeated it emphatically, and in writing to the ministry of North; but Wedderburne stigmatized this wise and hearty lover of both countries as 'a true incendiary.' The letters which had been written by public men in public offices on public affairs to one who formed an integral part of the body, that had been declared to possess absolute power over America, and which had been written for the purpose of producing a tyrannical exercise of that absolute power, he called 'private.' Hutchinson had solicited the place held by Franklin, from which Franklin was to be dismissed; this fact was suppressed, and the wanton falsehood substituted, that Franklin had desired the governor's office, and had basely planned 'his rival's overthrow.' Franklin had inclosed the letters officially to the speaker of the Massachusetts Assembly, without a single injunction of secrecy with regard to the sender; Wedderburne maintained that they were sent anonymously and secretly; and by an argument founded on a misstatement, but which he put forward as irrefragable, he pretended to convict Franklin of having obtained the letters by fraudulent and corrupt means, or of having stolen them from the person who stole them.

The Lords of Council, as he spoke, cheered him on by their laughter; and the cry of 'Hear him, hear him!' burst repeatedly from a body, which professed to be sitting in judgment as the highest court of appeal for the colonies, and yet encouraged

* Smuggling on the Sussex coast. Readers of "The Leisure Hour," who are acquainted with the Sussex coast, and whose memories and knowledge reach back some half century, will recognise the truthfulness of the slight sketch of smuggling and smugglers given in the preceding chapters. The "Old Sailor" might indeed have considerably enlarged this part of his story, and perhaps heightened its effect, by dwelling on the romantic and tragic side of that subject, in addition to its domestic aspect. There are, probably, many yet living who remember the captain of the smuggling cutter, or his prototype or counterpart; and some who could point out the exact locality of the hide in which the defeated and wounded smugglers were concealed. Whether they would do so, is quite another question; for there are not wanting those who sigh over these departed days of wholesale contraband trade, and perhaps still dream of their return.

the advocate of one of the parties to insult a public envoy, present only as the person delivering the petition of a great and loyal colony. Meantime the grey-haired Franklin, whom Kant, the noblest philosopher of that age, had called the modern Prometheus, stood conspicuously erect, confronting his vilifier and the Privy Council, compelled to listen while calumny, in the service of lawless force, aimed a death-blow at his honour, and his virtues called on God and man to see how unjustly he suffered.

"The reply of Dunning, who was very ill and was fatigued by standing so long, could scarcely be heard; and that of Lee produced no impression. There was but one place in England where fit reparation could be made; and there was but one man who had the eloquence and the courage and the weight of character to effect the atonement. For the present, Franklin must rely on the approval of the monitor within his own breast. 'I have never been so sensible of the power of a good conscience,' said he to Priestly; 'for if I had not considered the thing for which I have been so much insulted, as one of the best actions of my life, and what I should certainly do again in the same circumstances, I could not have supported it.' But it was not to him, it was to the people of Massachusetts, and to New England, and to all America, that the insult was offered through their agent.

"Franklin and Wedderburne parted; the one to spread the celestial fire of freedom among men, to make his name a cherished household word in every nation of Europe, and in the beautiful language of Washington, 'to be venerated for benevolence, to be admired for talents, to be esteemed for patriotism, to be beloved for philanthropy,' the other childless, though twice wedded, unbeloved, wrangling with the patron who had impeached his veracity, busy only in 'getting everything he could' in the way of titles and riches, as the wages of corruption. Franklin, when he died, had nations for his mourners, and the great and the good throughout the world as his eulogists: when Wedderburne died, there was no man to mourn; no senate spoke his praise; no poet embalmed his memory; and his king, hearing that he was certainly dead, said only, 'Then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions.' The report of the Lords, which had been prepared beforehand, was immediately signed; and 'they went away,' says Fox, 'almost ready to throw up their hats for joy, as if, by the vehement and eloquent Philippe against the hoary-headed Franklin, they had obtained a triumph.'

VIE N N A.

THE capital of the Austrian empire is seen to great advantage from the hills which appear in our view of the city. They are part of the chain of the Wiener Wald, a branch of the Styrian Alps, which bounds on one side the plain on which Vienna stands, and terminates at the Danube, to which it descends abruptly. Romantic valleys intersect the range; fine woods clothe the slopes; villas and

châteaux are on every hand; and here and there are picturesque ruins of ancient castles, monuments of feudal times, adding to the charms of the landscape. Being at an inconsiderable distance from the city, readily reached in an hour by the pedestrian from its heart, the hill-tops are frequently visited by the citizens, to enjoy the fresh air and the noble prospects. The loftiest summit, called the Kahlenberg, is historically famous. During the last siege of Vienna by the Turks, when the inhabitants were in despair of relief, rockets were seen one night to rise from it, the appointed signals of the approach of the relieving army, whose banners were beheld the next morning waving to the breeze on its crest. Though of no great elevation—under a thousand feet—the view embraces a vast stretch of country, and a great variety of interesting objects. There is the metropolis before you, with the majestic spire of its cathedral rising beautifully against the sky in the centre. You see the towers of Presburg, forty miles off, and in clear weather catch a glimpse of the more distant Carpathian mountains. At your feet rolls the Danube, with its steamers, barges, and floats of timber, winding between wooded islets; and for many a mile the eye can follow the course of the monarch of strictly European rivers, now partly concealed from view by dense forests, and anon exposed in broad sheets reflecting the sunbeams. The sites of great battles are overlooked, those of Aspern, Esling, and Wagram, fought among or near the islands of the grand stream. In one of these insulated spots, Napoleon, after defeat, was for several weeks cooped up by the Austrians, with 150,000 foot, 30,000 horse, and 700 pieces of cannon; yet he extricated his troops from the hazardous position in a single night, and marched them to a decisive victory.

The "Eastern State," *Oester Reich*, or Austria, received that name from Charlemagne, because the district formed the border of his empire to the eastward. It was first governed by margraves and then by dukes, one of whom, Henry II, 1141-77, made Vienna his residence, and may be regarded as its founder. He was the father of the Leopold of inglorious notoriety, owing to his treacherous seizure and imprisonment of our Richard Coeur de Lion. Previously, the place was quite unimportant, and the site of the present city was for the most part a forest, occupied by the bear, wild bull, and deer, while the beaver constructed its dam in the adjoining waters. A remarkable memorial of primitive times is still pointed out in a principal thoroughfare. This is apparently an iron post, standing against the wall of the house No. 1079; for the houses are not numbered anew with every street, as with us, but consecutively through the old city. The post is said to be the trunk of a tree, a relic of the ancient woods. But it is so bound round with iron hoops, and studded with nails, as to conceal the timber, if there be any remaining. An adjacent part of the street has the name from it of *Stock am eisen Platz*, or Iron Trunk Square. At the far extremity of the Prater, the Hyde Park of the Viennese, extending over a number of low islands formed by arms of the Danube, living remains of the primeval forest are found. Here are fine old trees, towering over thickets so tranquil that a rambler might fancy

himself many a league away from the busy crowd and the hum of men; and here the beaver lingered down to a very recent date, even if it has altogether passed away. In the days of the Emperor Maximilian I, or the last half of the fifteenth century, the capital obtained the name of Kaiserstadt, the imperial city, as the residence of the German emperor, a style which it has ever since retained.

Though near the Danube, the river contributes nothing to the beauty of the Austrian metropolis, as it is more than a mile apart from the main stream, and merely touched by an insignificant branch, the Wien, from which the city has its name. The plan of Vienna is remarkably uniform. It consists of an inner and an outer circle, separated from each other by an open space, and has been compared to a huge spider's web in the arrangement of the streets, since they all radiate from a central point near the cathedral. The inner circle contains the old part of the city, still surrounded by a fosse and high walls, with projecting bastions, used by the inhabitants as a public walk. Exterior to this is a broad encompassing clear space, covered with grass, planted with trees, intersected with roads and promenades in all directions, and environed by the outer circle, which comprises a band of suburbs of modern date, or erected since the year 1683, when the old suburbs were destroyed on the advance of the Turks. Beyond these are the outer fortifications, or lines, consisting of low ramparts, where passports are taken, inquisitorial questions are sometimes asked, contraband goods are looked after, and municipal dues are levied upon such articles as are liable to the town duty, creature-comforts being among the number. Passports are sent to the police office in the city, and the owners are required to follow them within twenty-four hours. An exact description of the person is speedily taken by experienced officials, and as much of individual history as may be deemed necessary, or can be extracted, is duly registered. An Italian lady is said to have recovered her son, who had absconded, and to have ascertained his wanderings through ten long years, from information supplied by the note-books of the police.

Unlike most other cities, the old portion of Vienna, or the inner city, is the fashionable part, containing more noble residences, finer buildings, churches, and shops, than the new, or the suburbs, though the latter has wider streets, and is greatly superior in extent. The ordinary dwelling-houses are large and lofty, intended for the accommodation of several families, to whom they are let in stories or flats; or a single story is often capacious enough to be divided into three or four tenements. A house-master or porter has charge of the common door, which is closed at night at ten o'clock, and only opened afterwards on payment of a fee. Some single masses of building used for dwellings are of enormous size, and may have a population equal to that of a large village or small town, under one roof. The Bürger Spital, formerly a hospital for citizens, but turned into dwellings by the emperor Joseph II, contains ten large courts, 212 tenements, peopled by more than 1200 inhabitants, and has yielded a rental of £6500 a year. Comparing the Austrian with other capitals, it has been said that there is much

more regularity in Berlin, a more frequent inter-mixture of showy edifices in Dresden, more lightness and airiness of effect in the best parts of Munich, a greater profusion of olden time memorials in Augsburg and Nuremburg, but in none of these places is there so much of that sober and solid stateliness, without gloom, which is perhaps the most fitting style of building for a large city. The Viennese, notoriously a light-hearted race—always excepting those who have adventured much on government securities—and sufficiently dissipated when in possession of the means of indulgence, approach closely to 400,000 in number. The upper classes commonly speak French, English, and Italian. The middle and lower orders use their native German, in the form of a barbarous *patois*.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Stephen, overlooks the city from its centre, and combines all that is lofty, imposing, and sublime in Gothic architecture. It is said to be the largest church in Germany, measuring 350 feet in length from the principal gate—which is never opened except on very solemn occasions—to the eastern extremity, by a breadth of 220 feet. Rich tracery, curious carvings, and beautiful doorways, adorn the outside of the building. The interior is grand though gloomy. The tower, one of the most exquisite ever erected, rises to the height of 465 feet, in gradually diminishing and regularly retreating arches and buttresses. It contains a bell—to which our cracked Big Ben is a puny dwarf—weighing 357½ cwt., which was cast out of pieces of cannon taken from the Turks. It has been noted, as showing the forethought of the architect in erecting the tower, that he built the buttress opposite to the side from which the prevailing wind blows, thicker than any of the others, to resist its effects; but it now inclines considerably from the perpendicular towards the north. In a side chapel repose the remains of Prince Eugene, of Savoy, who did good service for Austria in the battle-field, and was a prime favourite, however obnoxious the present representative of the Savoyard house, King Victor Emmanuel. A marble monument of the Emperor Frederic III is remarkable for the letters A.E.L.O.U., which appear upon a scroll-twisted round the sceptre in the hand of the effigy. They are supposed to be, in Latin, the initials of the words *Austria Est Imperare Orbis Universi*, an inscription which may well provoke a smile as a memorial of preposterous vanity, but is illustrative of a sober truth, that “pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.” With finances embarrassed beyond the power of description, with widely-extended internal complications, and revolution waiting the signal to break out in every province of the empire, Austria is now but a warning of the retribution provoked by rulers preferring their own headstrong will to the rights and comforts of the people.

There are vast catacombs under the cathedral, choked with coffins without date or memorial of any kind; and in a crypt separate from the common charnel-house the members of the imperial family were interred, down to the seventeenth century. It is still customary, upon the decease of a royal personage, to inter the bowels in St. Stephen's, the

heart in the church of the Augustines, and the body in the church of the Capuchins. The cathedral is the starting-point of the pilgrims who annually repair to Mariazell, or Mary in the Cell, the Loretto of Austria. This place, a mean town in the mountains of Styria, some fifty miles distant, possesses a very old, very famous, and very ugly image of the Virgin. Previous to the appointed day, a proclamation is affixed to the great gate of St. Stephen's, bearing the imperial sanction, inviting and authorizing all pious subjects to undertake the journey, in order to implore from the Virgin such personal and domestic comforts as they need, and supplicate continued prosperity to the house of Hapsburg. It is now conducted in a more orderly manner than formerly; for the town, being small, beds few, and pilgrims many, they used to spend the night in the neighbouring woods, drinking, singing songs, and squabbling. The scandal has been somewhat obviated by the two principal processions taking place at different periods, the one from Vienna on the 2nd of July, and the other from Gratz on the 12th of August.

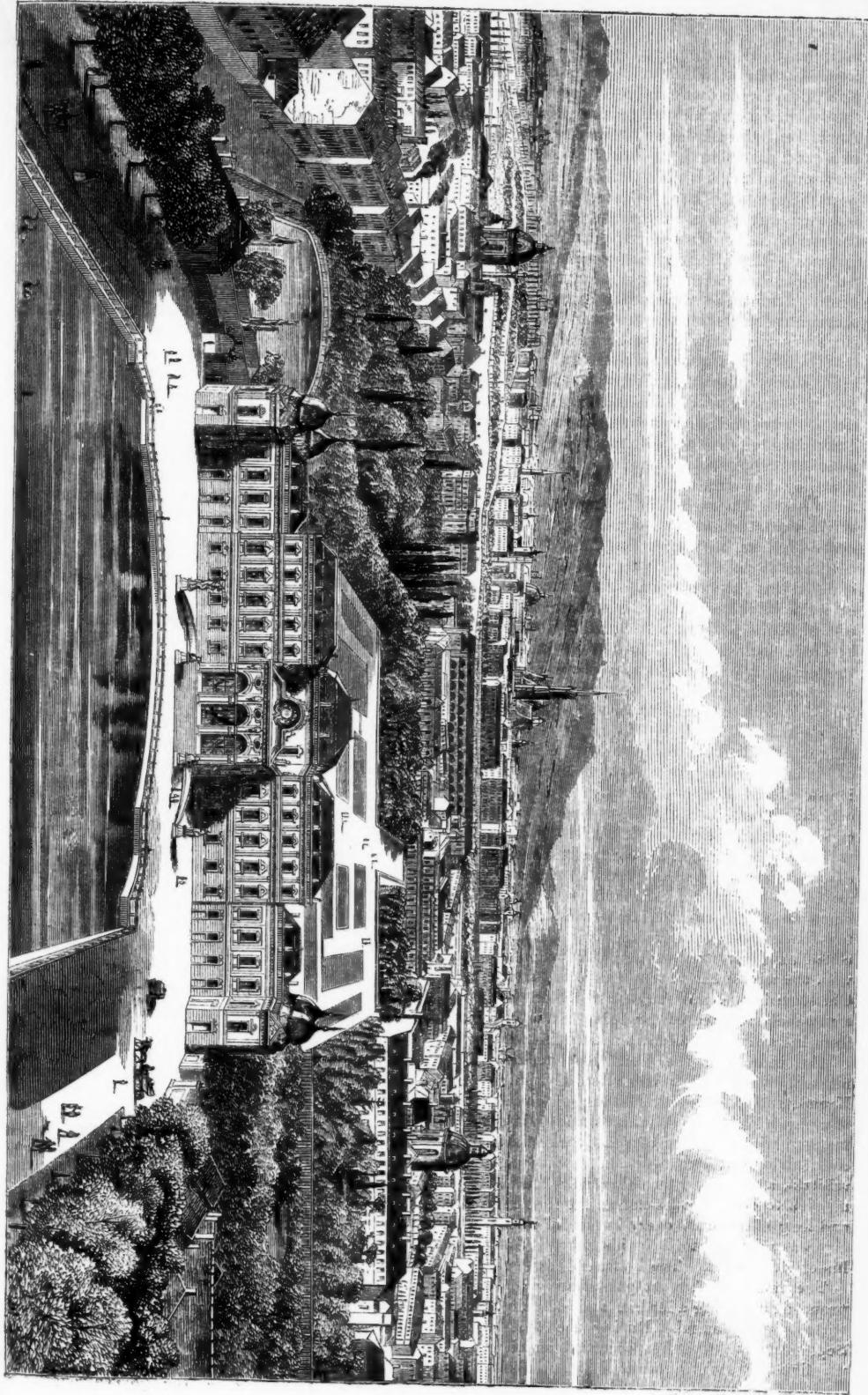
The libraries, museums, cabinets, and picture-galleries of the city are remarkably rich in literary treasures, curiosities, and works of art, to which strangers are readily admitted, except perhaps at the important hour of noon—twelve to two—when the guardians of most collections, like all true Germans, are engaged in wishing one another either a “good appetite,” or a “good digestion.” The courtesy is as common as our own “good morning.” Among other objects of value in the Imperial Library, a building in the Joseph's Platz, there is the celebrated Pentingerian Table, a map of the Roman empire in the fourth century, wanting the portion containing Britain; the only manuscript in existence of Livy's fifth book, brought from Scotland; Charlemagne's psalm-book in gold letters; the prayer book of Matthew Corvinus of Hungary; and Tasso's own manuscript of the “*Jerusalem Delivered*.” The Imperial Jewel Office contains a large collection of gems and precious stones of immense value, with miscellaneous rarities, such as the regalia of Charlemagne, taken from his grave at Aix-la-Chapelle, and long used at the coronation of the emperors; the sabre of Tamerlane; the sword of John Hunniades; the horoscope of Wallenstein; the silver-gilt cradle of young Napoleon, presented to him by the Parisians; and those who delight in such things may see a tooth of John the Baptist, and the arm-bone of St. Anne. In the Imperial Arsenal there is a relic of undoubted interest, the buff-coat of elk skin worn by the great Gustavus at the battle of Lutzen, bearing the bullet-mark which caused his death. The Imperial Picture Gallery has fine specimens of every school of painting, and a curious representation of our House of Commons in 1793, containing portraits of Pitt and Fox.

The “Beautiful Fountain,” *Schöne Brunnen*, two miles from Vienna, gives its name to the Imperial palace, Schönbrunn, the usual summer residence of the emperor, splendidly furnished, and crowded with portraits of the Hapsburgs. Few excite any interest except those of the females, Maria Theresa and the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, who passed

many of her youthful days at the place. Napoleon took up his abode here while in possession of the capital; and it was the residence of his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, who died in the same apartment of the left wing, overlooking the garden, and, it is said, on the same bed which his father had occupied. The young prince, who survived to the age of twenty-one, lies in the burial vault of the imperial family, attached to the Capuchin church in the city. His sarcophagus bears the inscription, “Napoleonis Galliae Imperatoris Filius.” The vault is shown by torch-light, and contains some seventy metal coffins. Maria Theresa descended into it every Friday, for thirteen years after the death of her husband Francis, to pray and weep by his remains.

Vienna is historically memorable, as marking the westward limit of the advance of the Turks as a great military power. It was first besieged by the Sultan Soliman the Magnificent. To avert hostilities, the archduke Ferdinand had sent an envoy to his court, the first Austrian embassy to the Porte on record. He met with a most ungracious reception. Fault was found with the archduke for styling himself “most mighty” in his letters. “How dare he,” said the grand vizier, “apply to himself an epithet like this, in the face of the emperor of the Ottomans, in whose shadow the other Christian kings are accustomed to take refuge?” The ambassador was forthwith sent to prison, kept in durance vile nine months, and then dismissed with a message from the sultan himself. “Your master,” said he, “has hitherto had little of our neighbourhood and acquaintance, but he shall enjoy them hereafter. Tell him that I will come myself, with all my forces, to make him the restitution he demands; and let him carefully prepare everything for our reception.” Hobordansky, a rough soldier, replied that his “master would be happy to meet the emperor as a friend, but also knew how to receive him as an enemy.” The sultan kept his word. After crossing the Raab, towns and villages were desolated by his troops; the country was laid waste; and with terror the citizens of Vienna saw the horizon eastward lighted with fires, and wreathed with columns of smoke. Soliman sat down before the city on the 27th of September, 1529, with an army more than two hundred thousand strong. Twenty-two thousand camels conveyed baggage and munitions of war. Twelve thousand Janissaries were stationed around the tent of the sultan. Four hundred pieces formed the park of artillery. But notwithstanding these formidable preparations, every attack upon the city was repulsed, and the assailants were compelled to retire in the middle of October, by the advance of winter, the scarcity of provisions, and the approach of the army of the empire, under Charles v. The Viennese fired their guns, rang their bells, and waved their colours, as the seven camps of the Moslems broke up.

The second siege of Vienna by the Turks is one of the most famous episodes in military annals. The attack was invited by the fallen fortunes of the house of Hapsburg, owing to the successes of the French, and was commenced by the grand vizier Kara Mustapha, on the 14th of July, 1683. A wily



and ambitious man, he wished to wrest territory from Austria, in which to found an independent principedom for his own family—of course concealing the design from his incapable master, Mohammed IV. An immense host besieged the city. It was not in a good condition to withstand an assault, as the garrison was small, while the walls and fortifications were dilapidated. But the governor, Count Stahremberg, was a man of courage and activity, and the armed citizens determined upon a desperate resistance. Day after day he ascended the tower of St. Stephen's to reconnoitre the enemy. The stone bench on which he sat is still pointed out, and has a commemorative inscription over it. While the siege was vigorously pressed, and hot shot poured into the city—the first instance of its use—a relieving army slowly collected at Krems, where the Duke of Lorraine commanded. But all communication was cut off between the capital and the imperial camp. Provisions began to fail with the besieged, incessant attacks sorely disabled them, and the capture of the place became imminent.

To hasten the arrival of succours, several emissaries were sent out; but as nothing more was ever heard of them, they were doubtless detected in attempting to pass through the besieging army, and suffered the fate of spies. At last, George Kolischitzki volunteered for the enterprise, and succeeded in the perilous adventure. He was a Pole by birth, had served in the Levant as interpreter to a company of merchants, and was consequently well acquainted with the language and manners of the Orientals. Disguised as one, he was let out through a sally-port, on the night of the 13th of August, but had not proceeded far before the tramp of horses was heard rapidly approaching. A ruined house offered him a place of refuge in which to conceal himself, being yet too near the city to escape suspicion if discovered. After the scouts had passed on, he pursued his course, reached the tents of the Turks singing a Turkish song, and passed along the line of the canvass streets with an unembarrassed air, as if an idle saunterer. An aga of the Janissaries, pleased with his strain, offered him coffee, called for another song, and dismissed him with the advice not to wander too far, and fall into Christian hands. When clear of the enemy's lines, a new danger appeared, for, being taken for a Turk, from his attire, he was fired upon by a party on one of the islands of the Danube. On discovering himself, every facility was afforded him to reach Krems, and make known the desperate condition of the city. He succeeded in returning in a similar manner, with promises of speedy assistance to the commander, but had several narrow escapes. Kolischitzki, as a reward for this service, obtained permission to open a coffee-house, the first in Vienna; and long afterwards, every keeper of a *café* in the city was required to have his portrait hung up in his establishment. The house still exists.

The month of August passed away without the promised aid being afforded, and despair began to pervade every mind. During the first week of September an explosion occurred, which made a practicable breach in the walls. A fierce attempt was made by the Turks at this point, but they were

finally repulsed with the loss of fifteen hundred men, in a narrow space. For an instant two standards were planted on the rampart, an incident commemorated by a house near the spot, in the Lobelstrasse, being still called the Turk's house. On the 10th, when night had gathered over the city, apparently doomed to fall the next day, rockets were hailed from the Kahlenberg by the exhausted garrison and citizens, the appointed signals of deliverance being at hand. As the morning broke, its heights were seen covered with the combined imperial and Polish army, under the command of the renowned John Sobieski, who had made his name one of terror to the Turks. As he charged at the head of his famous lancers, "By Allah," exclaimed the khan of the Crimea, "the king is really among us." His presence in the field with his veteran troops soon converted the besieging army into a disorderly rabble. Abandoning artillery, baggage, and magazines, they fled in confusion, and those who escaped the sword halted not till they had crossed the Raab, at the distance of fifty miles from the scene of their overthrow. After a siege of very nearly two months, the battle of Vienna, on the 12th of September, 1683, not only relieved the city, but delivered Europe from all further apprehension of Moslem aggression.

Many memorials remain of this famous siege. The Turkenschanze, a rampart thrown up by the Turks, is still pointed out near the village of Währing, on the way from the city to the Kahlenberg. In one of the suburbs, the church of Maria Frost, built in 1721, occupies the site where the grand vizier pitched his tent. His head is in the Town Arsenal, also the cord by which he was strangled, on his return from the disastrous expedition, and his shirt or shroud, covered with Arabic inscriptions. They were deciphered by Von Hammer, and found to consist chiefly of passages from the Koran. Upon the capture of Belgrade, his body was disinterred, the head separated from it, and transferred to Vienna. The green standard of Mahomet is preserved in the Imperial Arsenal. A stone monument near the village of Schwächat marks the spot where the mean emperor Leopold met Sobieski, after the deliverance of his capital. "Receive him with open arms," said the Duke of Lorraine, in reply to an inquiry respecting the ceremonial. But Leopold was a stickler for etiquette, and saw a wonderful difference between himself and an elective sovereign. They met on horseback, dismounted at a given signal, and separated after a short formal interview.

Vienna was twice occupied by the French, under the first Napoleon, in 1805 and 1809. On his first abdication, it was the seat of a famous Congress to settle the map of Europe, whose sittings were suddenly interrupted by the news of his re-appearance to struggle for the mastery. Grave as was the intelligence, it rendered the labours of the ministers plenipotentiary so supremely ridiculous, that after a moment's pause their excellencies broke up the session with a laugh. Whatever may be the future fortunes of the Austrian capital, the empire is certainly a house divided against itself, and cannot stand without re-organization and a thorough change of principles in the government. Na-

tural territorial arrangements, the wish of the people, and public opinion, require the session of Venetia, nor will the Hungarian and Slavonic provinces be long retained by any attempt to patch up a union between liberal theory and despotic practice. Austria has hitherto looked to the nobility as agents of administration. Her true policy is to recognise the fact that, in the existing state of society, influence no longer belongs exclusively to aristocracies, but that commerce and industry constitute the vital forces of nations, and imperatively call for popular institutions, not in name but in deed, as much for the development of their resources, as in justice to their rights.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE."

CHAPTER III.—A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

ONE morning in February, Père Carine, when he came into the sitting-room to breakfast, advanced to the window and peered out through its frosted panes. "Any signs of its abating?" asked he.

"I think it is freezing harder than ever," cried Annette, who would put on a semblance of cheerfulness before her father. "Pauline says the water in the rain-barrel is a mass of ice to the bottom."

"A pretty cold journey I shall have," grumbled Père Carine.

"Are you going out, papa?"

"To-morrow, child; as far as Chambéry."

"Chambéry! why, what can ever take you to Chambéry?" screamed out Miss Carine, from her place at the breakfast-table.

"Business takes me to Chambéry. I have been told of a fine lot of skins lying there to be disposed of—real kids, that once ran wild on the Alps; and I mean to see them for myself before the news gets wind, and buy them up if they are worth it."

"Why, you'll be a day and a night going; the diligence will get along the roads at the rate of two miles an hour; you'll be frozen to the seat before you arrive," snapped Miss Carine.

"Very likely I should; but the diligence is not going to get me; I shall take the chaise and Botlo. What is the matter, Annette?"

Annette Carine had turned pale as she listened: absorbed, though she might be, in her own troubles, she loved her father with an intense love. "Have you forgotten the unsafe state of the country?" she breathed.

"I don't put much faith in the reports," he slightly returned; "I am sure they have been exaggerated. I shall carry only enough silver for the journey, and if they clear me out of that, they must. But I shall take my pistols, and one glimpse of their bright barrels will put a dozen such fellows to flight. They are not systematic robbers, remember, but starving peasants, forced by want to puny essays of crime."

Annette shivered, she scarcely knew why; a presentiment of coming evil seemed to steal over her. "Oh, papa, go by diligence!" she cried, in a wailing tone of entreaty. "Do not risk the lonely chaise: go in company, if you must go."

"What a goose you are, Annette," laughed Père Carine; "you always were frightened at shadows. I would not go by the crawling diligence to have the pick of all the skins in the market of Annoney: I should be frozen to my seat on the road."

Père Carine started next morning with the daylight, Robert Letellier seeing him off. They were perfectly good friends. Apart from Robert's presumptuous flight in the summer, touching Annette, Père Carine was very fond of his junior partner. He would arrive at Chambéry some time that evening, early or late, according to the roads: it is the frontier town of Savoy; and the deliberate old diligences would make a day's journey of it in good weather. His intention was to examine the skins that night, if he reached there in time; if not, the first thing the following morning, and then immediately leave for home again.

Wearily enough wore the day for Annette. Miss Carine was unusually well, and consequently unusually cross and worrying. When they arose the next day, Grenoble was in a commotion at some news which had been brought into the town, and it struck a chill to the heart of Annette. A solitary traveller, coming from Sassenage, (the little hamlet where the famous cheese is made, situate about a league from Grenoble,) had been attacked and—killed: he was found in the road dead, his pockets rifled. Annette closed her eyes: a mist was gathering before them. "Only in coming from Sassenage," she shuddered, "and he has to come from Chambéry!"

"Well, it's a good thing he took his pistols," said Miss Carine.

But he had not taken his pistols. He had done what many a wiser man has done before him, and will do again—forgotten them. As evening drew on, Annette, in her restless wanderings—for she was too uneasy to be still—came upon them in their case, in a little room opening on the court-yard. Whether her father trusted to his servant to put them into the chaise, and the servant thought his master had done so, certain it is there lay the case and the pistols.

All the blood in Annette's heart seemed to leave it as she gazed upon them. One moment's self-debate of what could be done, and the next, she burst into the counting-house of the manufactory, case in hand, where Robert Letellier sat alone. "You must go to him, Robert," she uttered, after an incoherent explanation; "you must go to his succour."

He took the case from her hand; but he seemed to hesitate.

"Are you afraid?" cried Annette, a touch of scorn in her tone.

He turned his clear, fearless eyes upon her. "You would not think it, Annette, were you less excited. I am in doubt where to look for him. He told me that, in returning from Chambéry, he should probably turn off at the cross-road and call at Vertpré; but he was not sure."

Annette's very breath seemed to stand still. "Vertpré!" she uttered; "he never, never mentioned that."

"No; he said they were sufficiently timorous

indoors, at his travelling on the traffic-road from Chambéry, without being told that he might risk the lonely one from Vertpré. I know not which he may have chosen."

"Go and seek him somewhere," gasped Annette: "God can guide you to the right."

Robert Letellier placed a belt round his waist and put the pistols in it, first seeing that they were loaded and in order. He caused a horse to be got ready with all speed, mounted it, passed out at the town-gate which led to the road to Savoy, galloped to where two ways branched off, and there he halted. Annette's fears and agitation had somewhat infected his own mind: Père Carine might be in danger.

But now, which way to choose? The one would lead him in due course to Chambéry, the other to Vertpré—a farm-house some miles away, whose inmates were friends of the Carines. How was he to know which to fix upon? Annette's words came to his mind, "God can guide you to the right." For a moment he bowed his head to the saddle-bow, and a fervent prayer went up from his heart, to be guided—a prayer not only of hope but of trust, and he never doubted that he was heard. He raised his head, re-covered it, and urged his horse on by a word, not touching the bridle to guide it, but suffering it to take its own course, under, he hoped, the guidance of God. The animal flew off in the direction of Vertpré.

And now, where was Père Carine? He had arrived at Chambéry safe and sound, found the skins were really good, bargained for and secured them, starting for home again betimes in the morning. About midway between Chambéry and Grenoble he came to the road which branched off to Vertpré; having time before him, he took it, and arrived at the farm. There he spent an hour or two, and started for home in excellent spirits, jogging along in his chaise. I don't quite know how to describe this chaise to you, since we have nothing that answers to its make in England. An arm-chair stuck upon two high wheels, with a head to it, is as much like it as anything, and that's near enough for description. It was a fine moonlight night; but the clustering trees, in the thick wood to his left, looked dark and weird. Little cared Père Carine whether they looked dark or light. Having travelled unmolested so far, he was now disposed to regard the tales of thieves and assaulters as being little better than pure fables invented by the timid; and he laughed to think—

What noise was that? It was like nothing earthly—a low groaning sound, half wail, half howl. Père Carine checked his mare to listen, but the animal raised her ears, and trembled visibly.

"It must have been the wind sighing in the forest," cried he; "it does make a doleful noise at times. But it's a still night. Belotte, old girl, what ails you?"

He gently shook the reins and urged the mare on. It was a plain he was travelling on, not a road; more like a tract of waste land, wild, bare, and very unfrequented. As his eyes ranged over it—so white with its lying snow in the moonlight

—he thought of the vast dreary plains where travellers lost their way in the pathless waste, and never found it again.

"Cheer up, my Belotte; no fear of thieves coming here to disturb us," laughed he; "the villains lie in wait in more travel-beaten roads. This one does not see a passenger for a week together. If Annette knew I was on it, though, and my pistols nowhere, her little heart would flutter. Steady, Belotte, you are rough-shod, you know; no excuse for slipping: there's a good feed of corn at the journey's end, and—"

There it came again; the same sound, only nearer. A prolonged, discordant bay, or groan; not like the cry of a human being, not like the growl of an animal, and yet not very unlike either. Belotte shook till her coat became wet, and the awful sound died away in the stillness of the night.

"That's not the wind," ejaculated Père Carine; "it's not like any beast that I ever heard; and it can't be highwaymen: they don't announce their approach. So ho! Belotte; stop my girl: we'll have a look-out backwards."

He pulled up. He did not care to descend, but he rose in the chaise, unfastened the joints of the head, pushed it back, and stood gazing over the extended plain. At first he could discern nothing; nothing but the wide tract of land, so cold, and still, and dreary; but again rose that terrific howl, nearer and clearer; it served to guide his eyes to a certain spot, where he discerned something moving, trotting steadily onwards in pursuit of prey—in pursuit of him.

Père Carine gave a shout of dismay, and the perspiration broke out from the pores of his skin, as it had done from poor Belotte's. He had heard tales of the wolves—of the wolves appearing in the department of the Isère during a hard and prolonged winter, and devouring travellers; but the cases had not come under his own knowledge. The wolves were after him then.

He sank down on his seat; he whipped up his old mare to her utmost speed, little as the terrified animal needed it. "A race for life, Belotte," he murmured, "a race for life."

A race in which he was pretty sure to lose, and he knew it; for the French chaises are never built to be light and swift; they cannot skim along and outstrip an enemy: with every moment the wolves would gain upon him. The sky was of a dark intense blue, looking black to the eye by night, and a few stars peeped out. Grenoble was two leagues off yet; two leagues, and the dreaded animals close upon him.

Once more he rose in the chaise, and strained his eyes backwards. No need to strain them now; the danger was all too near. He could see but one animal—a large hideous she-wolf, whose fierce teeth were gleaming in the moonlight. He supposed there might be but one; he knew, at least he had heard, that they had been seen out singly in other hard winters, hunting for human spoil: the one would be enough for him. "On, on, Belotte! on, for life!"

The forgetful mistake concerning the pistols had

been almost laughed at before; but now! Père Carine could only whip up his mare, and pray to One who could look down from that dark blue sky, and see his peril.

On it came, its panting breath distinct upon his ear. Would it attack him or Belotte first? He would have given half his substance to be able to pull up the head of the chaise, that at least that little barrier might be between him and those savage teeth; but he did not dare to hinder one precious moment.

Oh, what a yell came upon him, close to his very ear—the awful yell of a famished animal scenting its prey. Belotte's coat ran down with wet; Belotte's master could have wrung all the clothes he wore. "Oh, horror! am I to die thus?"

Something was advancing towards him in front, coming quickly from the distance; even in his terror, which was strong and painful as a death agony, he perceived it. Was it another wolf?

With his eyes strained on that in front, and his ears strained on that behind, he sat on. But for how long? Why, his life was not worth two minutes' purchase. The animal sprang forward, and placed its fore paws on the back of the chaise, its eyes like evil stars, its teeth like fangs of death, close to the head of the victim. In that same dread moment Père Carine became conscious that the advancing figure was a man on horseback. He cowered down to the bottom of the chaise from that awful death's-head behind him, and an imploring shriek, that seemed to make the forest echo, went forth for help.

"The wolves are upon me. Save me from them." The creature was completely up now, hanging over the chaise, its gaunt form conspicuous in the moonlight. There was a shot, and an animal's death yell, as it tumbled to the ground over one of the wheels. Belotte stopped, and Père Carine was lying in a fainting fit.

"Was it *you* who saved me?" he murmured, when he revived, and looked up at Robert Letellier.

"Yes, I am thankful to say it. Be still, and rest yourself. I'll just tie my horse to the tail of the chaise, and drive you home. Better the horse there than that other ugly customer."

But what brought you here?"

"A fear lest you might be in danger—not, however, this sort of danger. God guided me."

When they arrived at home, Miss Carine and Annette met them. Père Carine took Robert's arm, and led him into the saloon. "Thank him, both of you," he said; "he has saved my life. But for him I should now have been lost."

Annette clasped her hands, and smiled through her glistening tears. Mademoiselle, her aunt, was somewhat incredulous. "Did one of the thieves attack you?" cried she, turning up her nose. "Such attacks rarely have danger in them."

"It was a sort of thief that I hope will never attack you," answered Père Carine. "Robert, you are my equal partner from this night, and the half of my fortune shall be made over to you. I would have given the whole of it in that hour of peril to any one who would save me. And if you like to take Annette with it, you may."

That was how Robert Letellier won his wife at last. And half Grenoble was invited to the wedding.

THE GATE OF CANADA.

Thus the old French settlers entitled the valley which reaches from the St. Lawrence along the Richelieu river, and widens to contain Lakes Champlain and George. It was the gate through which poured the scalping parties of Iroquois savages, year by year, for a century, to desolate Lower Canada or the state of New York, according to their English or French antipathies; the gate which was barricaded with Forts Chamby, Crown Point, and Ticonderoga, and finally burst open by the British under Amherst, to be thenceforth converted into a peaceful turnpike passage for commercial travellers.

Indians used to call this long valley, in their picturesque tongue, "the Mouth of the Country." The hills and glens round about, even to the Catskill ranges, were hunting-ground of the Iroquois—a patch of transatlantic Switzerland, slowest to be conquered and colonized of all that the pale-faces have acquired. First of Europeans, into it entered M. de Champlain, governor of New France, when Henri Quatre was king of Old France. The adventurous governor, escorted by two white musketeers and some friendly Indians, voyaged in canoes up the river Richelieu to the splendid lake that now perpetuates his name in geographic parlance. He beheld primeval forest closely bordering the broad water, and vast snow-topped mountains away to the south and west, sheltering fertile vales thickly sprinkled with the lodges of the fierce Iroquois, who, not comprehending the mission of the white man, gathered an opposing force of two hundred warriors, armed with tomahawk and spear; but what were these against the three pale-faces and their supernatural weapons, rude flint muskets, which flashed lightning and thunderbolts. Champlain had the best of it; this was in 1609, the earliest of the innumerable conflicts which have stormed around "the gate of Canada."

To touch upon a few of these. The French owners of Canada soon found that they must build a fort at the mouth of the Richelieu, to curb the Indians. The island of Montreal was also first garrisoned with the same object; for the Iroquois, or Five Nations, aspired to universal dominion on the North American Continent, and had threatened to drive the white men into the sea, whence they came. The whites engaged the Hurons to be their allies. Thenceforward, the Indian war-cry was seldom silent in the passes of Lake Champlain. Take one raid as a sample of all. Suddenly issuing from the channel of the Richelieu, the Iroquois surprised the Isle of Orleans near Quebec, and slew or took prisoners ninety Christianized Hurons. Passing under the walls of the fortress, they forced the unhappy captives to sing aloud, as a sort of defiance to the weak garrison. Reaching their own country, the principal prisoners were burned, the rest enslaved, and one brave chief, after having been tortured for three days, as those savages only can

torture, because he worshipped the white man's God, died as a true martyr, with the name of the blessed Saviour on his last breath.

After this outrage, the "gate" was blocked up for a short season with three forts, around which grew small settlements. Its warfare was now to assume the civilized stamp. M. de Frontenac led an army to attack the puritan colonies of New York. A channel of communication, in length four hundred miles, connects Montreal with the latter city. The French governor retreated by the way he had come, after burning the village of Schenectady on the head waters of the Hudson. He had unfortunately shown the English his own vulnerable point. Next season General Winthrop marched along the Champlain and joined the Iroquois. The surrounding valley became the battle-field where the contest for the possession of Canada was mainly fought. The Marquis Beauharnois, an ancestor of the present French Emperor, built the celebrated fortress of Crown Point, commanding the navigation of the lake, in order to keep the English settlers in check. It soon became the key-stone of the position, the centre round which the eddies of war beat for many a year.

Another fortification, whose name will be remembered, is that of Ticonderoga, erected on the promontory between Lakes Champlain and George; remembered chiefly for the disgraceful flight of British troops under an Abercrombie. A fleet had been established on the waters before this, and some opposition forts built by the English, who gradually gained ground, until one year the French blew up Ticonderoga and abandoned Crown Point, and "the gate of Canada" was opened, never more, we trust, to be shut by the hand of war.

Geologists account for the formation of this "gate" in the following way. Long ago, say they, before chronology was thought of, New England and New Brunswick were encircled by an arm of the sea. Lakes Champlain and George are rock-pools left by the receding tides, which once rushed high above their level and found southern outlet through the pass of West Point and the channel of the Hudson. Sea animals have not yet got used to the modern state of things; for are not seals often found travelling up the Richelieu in spite of its rapids, and often killed in the Champlain ice in winter?

There is navigation on the lake, a hundred miles in length, for the largest ships. During the campaign before the fall of Quebec, as already intimated, even warlike fleets sailed and contended here. An islet is shown bearing the name of Kelton's Prize, from the fact that an English captain mistook it for an enemy's ship, and poured his vessel's broadside into the unoffending bluff. Now the waters are alive with gay painted passenger and goods steamers during summer, chiefly having their terminus at Burlington, the pretty Vermont town, which lies beside the lake, on its best harbour.

Though the largest town in Vermont, having quite six thousand inhabitants, Burlington is not the seat of the provincial government; she indemnifies herself by being much richer and more consequential than her aristocratic sister Montpellier.

She boasts a university, perhaps the poorest of all universities, born and reared in a hot-bed of difficulties, and which has made itself a prominent object by a lofty tower, whence is observable the finest view in Vermont, the broad expanse of the many islanded Champlain, the eccentric outline of the bleak Aderondack chain, and the softer slopes of the Green Mountains, (*Verte Monts*), which give name to the state.

Small as it is, no state in the Union is so democratic as Vermont. The suffrage is all but universal, only requiring each male citizen to be twenty-one years old and to have a good character. Even negroes are allowed to vote without any property qualification. It would seem that such broad principles of popular power flourish in mountain regions. Recent travellers compare Vermont to a Swiss canton, and its history might be a leaf cut from that of the Alpine republics. The dwellers in the "Verte Monts" had their Austria in the powerful neighbouring state of New York, which claimed their territory as rightfully subject to its rule, and lying within the boundaries allotted to it by the English kings. The mountaineers had no idea of submission to wholesale eviction, and of giving up the soil which the labour of their hands had rendered profitable; they flung defiance to the New Yorkists, intimated no slight contempt for royal rescripts, and prepared to hold their homesteads by the sword. Many a bloody skirmish defiled the shores of Champlain and Connecticut for a few years before the American Revolution. When the States threw off the English yoke, with that grand flourish of trumpets called the Declaration of Independence, little Vermont echoed the act, and valiantly declared herself also independent of both parties. Neither acknowledged her; but that was of no consequence: she maintained her neutral self-sufficient position for nearly a quarter of a century, now debating annexation to Canada, and then listening to overtures from the Federal government. Finally, her deputies were admitted to Congress in the year 1791.

She is the custodian of the Canadian "gate," and of the main commercial road between Montreal and New York. At Rouse's Point, on the northern extremity of Lake Champlain, the traveller steps across the frontier dividing the republic and the colony. Instead of nasal Yankee phraseology, he listens to French *patois*, and instead of the tall lank Vermonter, he is served by the brisk polite little *habitan*. He has entered by the "Mouth of the country," as the extinct Iroquois would say.

AN UNFASHIONABLE SEMINARY.

It is a dreary drizzling afternoon in late autumn; there has been no appearance of the sun all day, nor indeed of clouds either, the place of which has been occupied by a monotonous damp canopy of one unbroken tint of grey, beneath which all London has been seething and soddening since the early dawn. Great-coats and comforters have come into requisition all at once; paletots are looking up, and upper benjamins are at a premium. To go abroad

on such a day is to make a voyage. Policeman X makes sail under his oil-skin, and navigates the shoals and channels with a sharp eye for breakers (of the law) a-head: cabby hibernates in that strange congeries of dun-coloured garments which are hard to describe, but which seem to be his special delight. Conductor shrinkingly makes the most of the small lee-way to be found on the monkey-board, and as he bawls "Benk! benk!" screens his open mouth with his wet fingers to keep the mist out of his throat; while the driver, who must face all weathers, doubles the cape (round his shoulders) and imagines himself at sea. The mass of pedestrians, as they "slither" along the soapy mud of the flags, look as sullen and ungenial as the weather; they are eager to get done with their business, and to betake themselves to their homes and comfortable firesides—thinking, some of them, perhaps, of the thousands of hapless unfortunates who at this sudden advent of foul wintry weather have neither home nor fireside to go to.

We happen to be thinking in the same strain, when a sharp gust of wind brings the rain down smartly, and, turning our silky Sangster inside out, sends us to the first shelter that offers. This, as fortune would have it, happens to be the open door of the Unfashionable Seminary, which, gaping hospitably in what seems to be a mere dead wall, offers gratuitous harbourage to all who are in need of it. As the squall continues, and we have now no defence against it, we mount the stairs, and are landed on the educational arena of the establishment, where a singular and interesting spectacle presents itself. In a large and lofty apartment, whose fittings and conveniences are of the plainest, above a hundred individuals are assembled, the mass of them apparently of the very lowest grade which London could supply. By far the greater number of them are, as to their years and stature, boys; though as to their physiognomy, if you were to judge by that alone, there are scores whom you might set down as of mature age—not to say old. Some are decently clad, while some are on the very verge of nakedness; but all are employed, or at least ostensibly so, either reading in classes or spelling out simple words from lessons in large type hung on the walls, or listening to explanations, given with admirable simplicity and the tenderest earnestness and patience, by the teachers sitting each in the centre of a group. One of these groups consists of grown men, rough, grimy, and unshaven, and clad in veriest tatters, but still attentive listeners to a lady who has undertaken their instruction, and to whose questions you hear them respond with the docility of well-trained children. Many of the boys on the ends of the benches have come in late, perhaps have been driven in by the weather, and have not joined any class. Some, bareheaded and shoeless, are dripping with the rain, and one, whose dark hair distils big drops on the floor, and whose bare side, unconscious of a shirt, gleams through the rents in his sodden rags, pulls us by the button, and, turning up a famine-stricken face, begs imploringly for a penny or a piece of bread, declaring that not a morsel has passed his lips since yesterday. He no sooner touches the coin than he steals away, and, diving

down the staircase, disappears. In a minute or two afterwards he rises again, with the loaf he has bought already half devoured.

On a kind of platform, or dais, at one end of the room, are gathered together the girls and infant children, also under the charge of teachers and attendants, and making what progress they may with their simple lessons. Not a few of the poor little ones are sadly gaunt, thin, and pallid, and some are disfigured by disease which is the fore-runner of early death; while others, again, ruddy and strong, are full of life and spirits, and can hardly be restrained from frolic. Many of the youngest, in spite of the unavoidable babble and din, which is incessant, are fast buried in slumber, and these the teachers have covered up warm and snug on the side benches.

A little quiet observation shows us that amidst all the apparent confusion, real business is doing, by adherence to a system simple enough to be intelligible to all, and so far efficient as to enable all who are desirous of so doing to derive from it not only the elements of education, but also sound instruction, moral and religious. We note that here the plan of instruction differs extremely from that of the fashionable seminary: all the teaching is oral; if any boy gets wisdom here, he gets it *viva voce*; by kind and earnest words and cheerful looks of encouragement, he is *taught*; the teacher teaches, instead of ordering the pupil to learn; and, in truth, if it were not so, if you sent the poor houseless wif of London to learn lessons from a book, it is all but certain that his mind would remain a blank. It is no child's play, then, to impart knowledge to the utterly ignorant; in by far the majority of cases the ignorance results from the want of opportunity, not from the want of intelligence. We can but remark this, as we listen to some of the questions propounded by those unwashed adults to their gentle instructress, and note how the prompt reply or simple explanation is received and relished. We feel a rising reverence for an accomplishment so rare, so ready, and so unselfishly applied, and have a suspicion that, for our own part, we should have much to learn before we could so teach.

Meanwhile, darkness has been coming on, and a few jets of gas have been lighted in the room, which has gradually been growing more full as one straggler after another has arrived. And now, at a signal, the lessons and classes are ended, the books are gathered and put away, and, all standing up, a few verses of a hymn are sung. Then one of the managers comes forward and delivers a short and appropriate address, after which the assembly is considered as dismissed. Not that anything like a general dismissal takes place. It would appear that those who choose can stay; and it is evident from their movements that numbers have no intention of retreating. The girls and the little children, however, all move off; some of the sleeping babes are fetched away by their mothers, and others are lugged off on the shoulders of more infants, whom we would think hardly old enough to be trusted alone in London streets.

The weather still continues squally and bois-

terous without, and perhaps that is one reason why the assembly is very slow in breaking up; another reason, however, is that a goodly number of the evening's pupils, having no other home in the world to go to, will take up their lodging here. One poor fellow is hesitating, in doubt whether he will do so or not; he has had no food all day—has been out of luck, he says; if the weather would hold up, he might perhaps earn a penny somehow and buy a loaf, and yet be back in time to get a bed; it is a hard problem for the poor boy to solve—a strife between his hungry stomach and weary limbs: somebody solves it for him by giving him the coin, so that he gets the loaf and the bed too.

As evening wears on, many of the boys and lads, who in all likelihood have had little or no rest on the preceding night, make off for the dormitory. We take the liberty of following, to see what kind of accommodation it is which is thus gratuitously afforded. We find it a large and lofty apartment, not much unlike a rude chapel, divided as to its floor into a number of small shallow pews about a foot deep. These are the beds, which are some twenty inches wide and perhaps a little over five feet in length; the bare board stands instead of straw mattress and feather bed, and the sole covering is a rug of narrow dimensions, which each occupant, having deposited himself within, can draw over his body. Thus there is, very properly, nothing of luxury and very little of the element of comfort to induce those who can afford to pay for a lodging to seek this asylum; there is shelter from the weather, and there is protection, and that is all—and anything more attractive would probably be open to abuse. Among the inmates, especially the older ones, it is observable that a grotesque kind of humour is in vogue, the gist and purport of which is to make their own necessities a subject of entertainment. They bandy small jokes and repartees with one another, and are severe upon one or two of the party who, being too long for the curt cribs they occupy, have to sleep "knees up." It is the rule that, though sleeping in their clothes, whether they happen to be wet or dry, they divest themselves of their shoes or boots: one wag who is barefoot politely asks the attendant to accommodate him with a pair of new boots, in order that he may comply with the regulation. Another would like his shaving-water sent up at six, and a cab at the door by seven, in time to catch the early train; and a third tells an imaginary waiter to grill him a fowl for breakfast, "and mind, you need not trouble to send in the bill, because it's ill-convenient."

The jokes and the talking do not prevent the fagged and over-wearied from falling into a sound sleep. At a stated hour the busy tongues are compelled to silence, and thenceforth no kind of disorder or disturbance is permitted. Should any one of the inmates prove refractory—and such instances are said to be extremely rare—he is effectually punished in a very summary way, and that by simply turning him out into the street; there is no difficulty in his ejection, as those whom his uproar disturbs are but too willing to assist in getting rid of him. During the whole night the sleepers are all under the eye of the warden, who, perched

in his box aloft, has an uninterrupted view of the encampment below. They are at liberty to quit their asylum as early in the morning as they choose, and none are allowed to lie late. For their convenience there are attached to the premises, and near the dormitory, baths and lavatories, of which they have the free use; and it may be remarked to their credit, that the vast majority of them prefer to go forth to their labour with a clean skin.

As we look upon the crowd of sleepers lying in their little cribs under the glimmering gas-light, we cannot help speculating upon their personal characters and experiences, and wondering what may be the past history, and what the unexplored future, of these hapless waifs of fortune. Some time back, we had the opportunity of learning the history of a couple of friendless boys who were in search of honest occupation. Neither of these youths had reached his fifteenth year, and both of them had for years been deprived of parental care, though by very different means. The first had been brought up in a manufacturing city in the north, and—it was plain from his well-mannered behaviour and correct language—had received, in early life, really good training. He told us that his mother had been always careful of him, had taught him to read his Bible, and given him religious instruction, and sent him regularly to school; but that she had died when he was nearly ten years of age, and from that moment his father, for what reason he never knew, had maltreated him, and endeavoured to shake him off, in which last cruel purpose he had eventually succeeded. The boy had followed after him from one city to another—had come up with him successively at Birmingham, at Coventry, at Gloucester, and at Bristol—the man disappearing from each place without apprising the boy of his intention, who had finally followed in his track to London, but here, after wandering about for weeks, had failed in finding him. The case of the other lad was still worse. His father was a thief and a housebreaker, and the boy had run away from him in fear and disgust. He obtained employment for himself, but, on being discovered by his father, was obliged to relinquish it, and again to run away. For years he had thus been fleeing and hiding from his abandoned parent, and five times had he left a friendly shelter and honest occupation, to escape from his clutches. It was only while his father was confined in prison, he said, that he had a fair chance of earning his living. Fortunately he was in a condition to take a situation now, because his father had just been sentenced to seven years' transportation, and therefore was not likely to trouble him any longer. One recoils from the idea that a child should congratulate himself on the punishment of a parent; but the feeling, after all, was natural and unblameable: it would have been monstrous indeed if he could have revered such a father.

Both of the lads above described had in their time partaken of the hospitality of the unfashionable seminary, and were grateful for it. Perhaps a volume of memoirs no less striking might be compiled from the experiences of its inmates for any single night in the year.

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